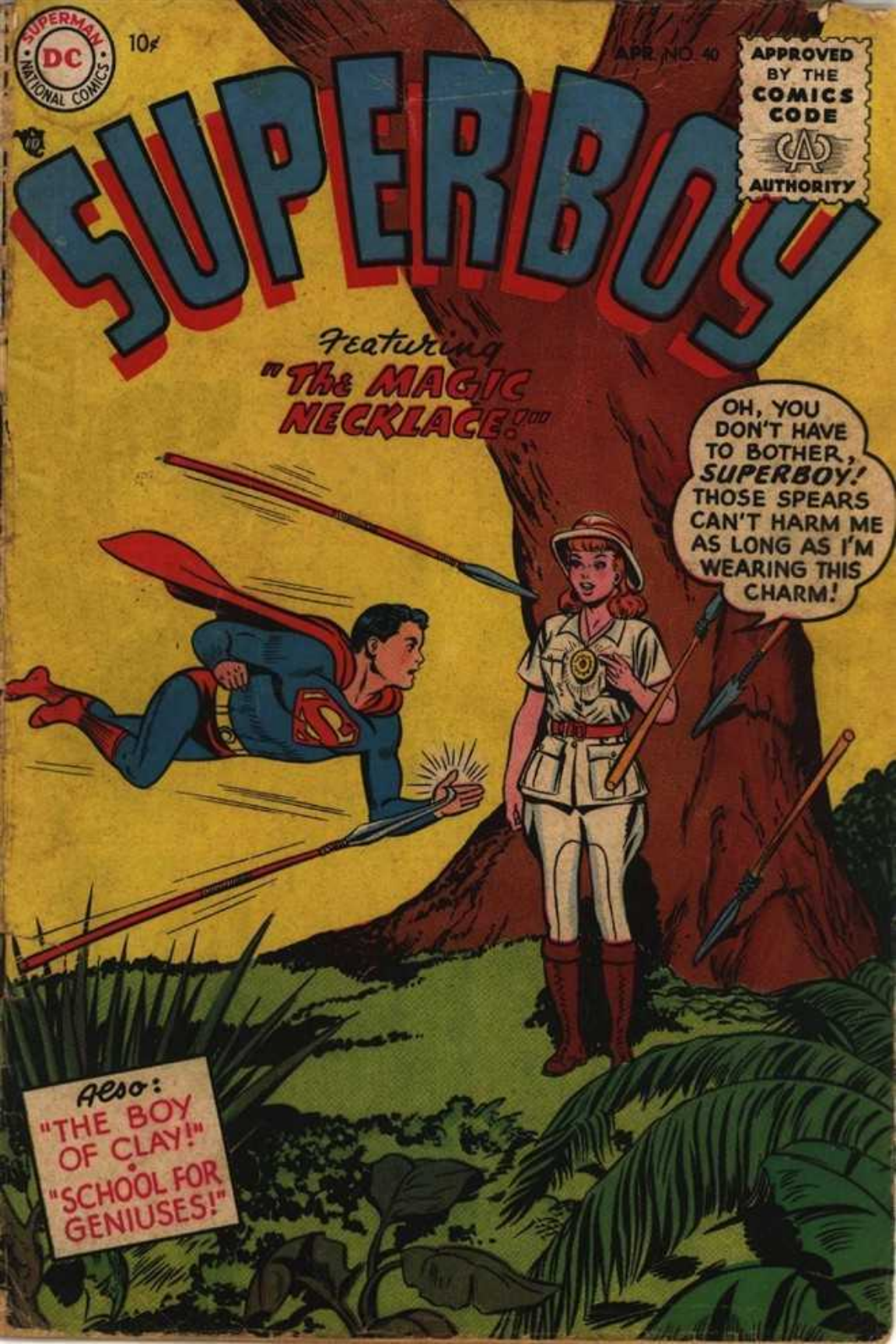
SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS
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APR. NO. 40
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
SUPERBOY
Featuring
"The MAGIC NECKLACE!"
OH, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BOTHER, SUPERBOY! THOSE SPEARS CAN'T HARM ME AS LONG AS I'M WEARING THIS CHARM!
Also:
"THE BOY OF CLAY!"
"SCHOOL FOR GENIUSES!"

SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
OFTEN, OUT OF SHEER CURIOSITY, SUPERBOY HAS WONDERED WHAT HIS LIFE WOULD BE LIKE IF HE WERE JUST AN ORDINARY BOY!... A BOY WITHOUT TITANIC STRENGTH, AN INVULNERABLE BODY, FLYING ABILITY, AND ALL THE OTHER SUPER POWERS HE NOW POSSESSES. WELL, STRANGELY ENOUGH, THIS TURNABOUT OCCURS ONE FATEFUL DAY WHEN THE BOY OF STEEL BECOMES--
"The BOY of CLAY!"
CARS WILL GET FLAT TIRES RUNNING OVER THESE NAILS BUT--OOF!... I'M TOO WEAK TO LIFT THE BOARD!
HUH! THAT CAN'T BE THE REAL SUPERBOY! WHY, I'LL BET IT'S JUST ONE OF THE BOYS DRESSED UP LIKE HIM FOR A GAG!

COUNTLESS TIMES IN THE PAST HAVE CRIMINALS SAID THESE DESPAIRING WORDS AS THE BOY OF STEEL CORNERED THEM!
SUPERBOY'S BLOCKING OUR GETAWAY! NO USE GUNNING THE MOTOR. HE'S GOT TEN TIMES MORE POWER TO STOP US!
BUT NEVER BEFORE HAS SUPERBOY SAID THIS WHEN EXERTING HIS LIMITLESS STRENGTH!
OOF! WHY... UH... I'M USING ALL MY ENERGY AND I CAN HARDLY SLOW THIS CAR DOWN! THIS NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE!

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WORSE YET, AS THE THUGS RUN FOR IT...
I'LL NAB THEM IN A FLASH... UGH! I...I CAN'T FLY ANY MORE!
BUT MOST ALARMING, AS BULLETS FLY...
THE BULLETS ARE BOUNCING OFF-- BUT THEY'RE STOPPING ME! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME?
YES, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE SUPER-POWERS OF THE BOY OF STEEL?
MY STRENGTH GONE... I CAN'T FLY... AND BULLETS HURT ME! IT ALL ADDS UP TO ONE TERRIBLE THING-- I'VE LOST MY POWERS!
I'VE LOST MY POWERS! GROANNN!
CLARK! WAKE UP! ARE YOU HAVING A NIGHTMARE?
NEEDLESS TO SAY, CLARK (SUPERBOY) KENT IS OVERJOYED TO WAKEN FROM HIS BAD DREAM!
UH...OH, WHAT A HORRIBLE DREAM! BUT I'M ALL RIGHT NOW, MOM AND DAD!
YOU MUST HAVE EATEN TOO MANY OF THOSE BANANAS AT PROFESSOR LANG'S YESTERDAY, SON!
WHEWW! WOULD I HATE TO HAVE THAT DREAM COME TRUE! BUT IT'S REALLY SILLY-- ME LOSING MY SUPER POWERS! HA-HA-HA!
LAUGH, CLARK-- WHILE YOU CAN! YOU HAVE A GREAT SHOCK IN STORE FOR YOU!

THE NEXT DAY, HAVING FORGOTTEN HIS WILD DREAM...
I'LL DROP IN ON PROFESSOR LANG NEXT DOOR AND SEE IF HE'S SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THOSE NON-SPOILING BANANAS HE BROUGHT BACK FROM HIS LAST EXPLORATION IN THE AMAZON JUNGLES!
HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW THEY GLOW A LITTLE, PROFESSOR?
NO, CLARK! I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND THE UNKNOWN PRESERVATIVE THAT KEEPS THEM UNSPOILED EVEN AFTER A MONTH!
MY WORD! AND NOW I REMEMBER THAT THE JUNGLE SOIL IN WHICH THEY GREW HAD A PECULIAR GLOW AT NIGHT, TOO, AS IF FROM SOME PHOSPHORESCENT PRESERVATIVE! HMM... I'LL CHECK FOR THAT!

THEY'RE STILL SO FRESH AND TASTY! HAVE ONE, CLARK?
UH... NO THANKS, LANA!
MAYBE MOM WAS RIGHT THAT I GOT THE NIGHTMARE FROM EATING TOO MANY YESTERDAY! NOW TO HELP DAD IN HIS STORE!
MEANWHILE, CRIME SUDDENLY REARS IN TOWN...
JEWELERS
WE GOT THE LOOT! TO OUR GETAWAY CAR!

APPROACHING, CLARK KENT SWIFTLY DARTS BEHIND SOME SHRUBBERY TO SWITCH TO THE UNIFORM OF THE BOY OF STEEL!
LILAC CAFE
JEWELERS
LAST NIGHT I DREAMED ABOUT CHASING CROOKS, BUT THE ENDING OF THIS LITTLE EPISODE IS GOING TO BE DIFFERENT!
ARE YOU READY FOR A SHOCK, SUPERBOY?
BULLETS WILL BOUNCE OFF ME, AS USUAL. WAIT A MINUTE! TH-THEY STING! THEY'RE NOT PIERCING MY SKIN-- BUT I CAN FEEL THEM BRUISING ME!

IT MUST BE MY IMAGINATION! NOW TO WRANGLE THEIR GUNS AS USUAL... MY GOSH! I'M STRAINING JUST TO BEND IT A LITTLE! IS THIS ANOTHER NIGHTMARE?
YES, SUPERBOY-- BUT THIS TIME IT'S A LIVING, WAKING NIGHTMARE...
I... I'M FALLING BEHIND THEIR GETAWAY CAR, LOSING FLYING SPEED! MY DREAM IS... GULP!... PARTLY COMING TRUE!
SUPERBOY! YOU LET THOSE TWO BANDITS GET AWAY! ARE YOU LOSING YOUR SUPER POWERS?
GOLLY, IT SEEMS SO, CLANCY! BUT WHAT COULD WEAKEN ME LIKE THIS, GRADUALLY? I'VE GOT TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY!
NO U TURN
HMM, THAT REMINDS ME! WE GOT A TIP YESTERDAY THAT "CRACKPOT" CALHOUN, THE EX-CON, WAS BOASTING THAT HE HAD INVENTED A MACHINE TO WEAKEN YOU! WE LAUGHED IT OFF AND DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO TELL YOU!
I'D BETTER CHECK IF HE SUCCEEDED!
SOON, AT THE EX-CONVICT'S PLACE...
YOU FELLOWS WILL PAY PLENTY WHEN YOU FIND OUT MY INVENTION SENDS OUT RAYS THAT WEAKEN SUPERBOY!
HMM... GOT TO TURN IT OFF IF IT'S TRUE!
THIS INTENSE X-RAY BEAM GENERATED BY MY X-RAY VISION MELTS THE POWER CABLE, SHUTTING OFF THE MACHINE! NOW, BEFORE I HAVE HIM ARRESTED FOR THIS PLOT AGAINST ME, IS MY POWER REALLY BACK?
HMMMMM
CLICK!
4

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A NEARBY EMERGENCY SUPPLIES THE ACID TEST!
MR. SIMPSON'S OLD ROTTED ELM TREE FINALLY CRACKED! IT'LL CRASH THROUGH HIS ROOF! NO TIME TO SHOVE IT BACK UPRIGHT...
CRAK
...SO I'LL LET IT CRASH ON ME, TAKING UP THE SHOCK! WHAT'S A MERE FALLING TREE TO ME?... YIPES!
WHUMP
OHH! TH-THAT NEARLY KNOCKED ME COLD! GOLLY... I'M LOSING MY INVULNERABILITY FAST! THEN THAT EX-CON'S MACHINE WAS A FAKE, AFTER ALL! SOMETHING ELSE CAUSED MY WEAKNESS-- BUT WHAT?
AH! NOW I REMEMBER THAT REPORT OF A METEOR FALLING JUST OUT OF TOWN, LAST NIGHT! UGH... GOSH, MY FLYING SPEED IS SO SLOW NOW THAT ALL CARS TRAVEL FASTER THAN I DO! AND THAT'S WHY IT TOOK ME SO LONG TO REACH THAT FLYING TREE!
HMM...THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I HAD TO HITCH A RIDE TO MAKE BETTER SPEED! BUT I CAN'T WASTE TIME TRACKING DOWN THE REASON MY SUPER POWERS ARE FADING AWAY!
SUPERBOY APPROACHES THE FALLEN METEORITE CAUTIOUSLY BUT...
NO GLOW FROM IT AND NO FURTHER BAD EFFECTS ON ME! THEN MY THEORY THAT IT CONTAINS KRYPTONITE, THE ONE THING IN THE UNIVERSE THAT CAN WEAKEN ME, IS WRONG! AND I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT'S ROBBING ME OF MY POWERS!

BACK IN TOWN, AFTER A GRIM "PHYSICAL CHECK-UP" OF HIS OWN...
I CAN'T WORK UP SUPER FRICTION WITH MY HANDS ANYMORE, TO MELT METAL! AND MY SUPER BREATH IS DOWN TO A MERE PUFF! AT THIS RATE, MY SUPER POWERS WILL ALL REDUCE TO ZERO BY SUNDOWN!
THERE MUST BE KRYPTONITE NEARBY-- BUT WHERE? EVEN MY X-RAY VISION IS FAILING ME, MAKING MY SEARCH HARDER! BY SUNDOWN, IF I DON'T LOCATE IT, I'LL BE SUPERBOY IN NAME ONLY!
HOURS LATER, HIS POWERS WANING RAPIDLY, SUPERBOY DRAGS HIS FEET HOPELESSLY...
OH, SUPERBOY! ARE ALL THOSE RUMORS TRUE ABOUT YOU LOSING YOUR POWERS?
YES, LANA! AND I CAN'T FIND A SINGLE CLUE TO MY GROWING WEAKNESS! I'VE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE AND NO SIGN OF KRYPTONITE!
WAIT... THOSE GLOWING BANANAS! YOU'VE GIVEN ME THE CLUE, LANA! YOUR FATHER SAID THEY GREW IN GLOWING SOIL--AND KRYPTONITE GLOWS!
THAT'S IT! THE UNKNOWN PRESERVATIVE IS KRYPTONITE!
EVIDENTLY A METEOR CONTAINING KRYPTONITE FELL IN THE AMAZON LONG AGO, CONTAMINATING THE SOIL! THE BANANA TREES ABSORBED ONLY A MERE TRACE OF KRYPTONITE FROM THE SOIL, BUT IT WAS ENOUGH TO WEAKEN YOU INTERNALLY AFTER EATING THEM!
I WAS LOOKING FOR KRYPTONITE EVERYWHERE BUT INSIDE ME! LIKE PTOMAINE IN OTHERS, IT GAVE ME KRYPTONITE POISONING! THAT ACCOUNTS FOR MY BAD DREAM FIRST AS CLARK! AND AS THE POISON CIRCULATED THROUGH MY BODY, IT ROBBED ME OF MY POWERS!
I MUST GET THE POISON OUT OF MY SYSTEM, SOMEHOW!
BUT, FATHER! YOU DIDN'T GIVE ANY BANANAS TO SUPERBOY, ONLY TO CLARK KENT!
6

AS IF SUPERBOY HASN'T ENOUGH TROUBLES...
CLARK ATE THE TAINTED BANANAS-- AND SUPERBOY GETS WEAK! AHA! AT LAST I'VE GOT THE PROOF OF THEIR DOUBLE IDENTITY!
HOW... HOW WILL I GET OUT OF THAT? BUT RIGHT NOW, GOT TO HURRY TO THE SCHOOL GYM! USING CLARK'S BICYCLE WILL BE FASTER THAN MY FLYING NOW!
BUT, MEANWHILE, CRIMEDOM ADDS UP THE AMAZING EVIDENCE!
REMEMBER HOW WE GOT AWAY SO EASY FROM SUPERBOY THIS MORNING?
YEAH, AND THE FALLING TREE AND OTHER THINGS ALL PROVE HE LOST HIS POWERS! SO HERE GOES FOR A CRIME SPREE! HA HA, HA!
WHAT IS SUPERBOY DOING IN THE SCHOOL GYM?
IN BIOLOGY CLASS, WE LEARNED HOW MANY POISONS CAN BE WORKED OUT OF THE SYSTEM BY HARD LABOR! LUCKILY, WITH MY SUPER-STRENGTH GONE, I CAN WORK UP A SWEAT NOW!... (PUFF!)
IF I...(PANT!)... KEEP THIS UP LONG ENOUGH... (PUFF)... I'LL SWEAT ALL THE KRYPTONITE OUT OF MY SYSTEM!
FINALLY...
THE KRYPTONITE POISON IS ALL CLEARED OUT OF MY VEINS! HMM... MY TELESCOPIC VISION SHOWS CROOKS ROBBING A MILE AWAY! NOW THAT I HAVE MY POWERS BACK, I'LL SOCK THIS PUNCHING-BAG THERE TO FOIL THEM!
HEY! YIPES! THIS LOOKS LIKE A SUPERBOY TRICK, BUT HOW'S IT POSSIBLE WHEN HE'S LOST HIS POWERS?
JEWELERS

ONLY A FLASHING MOMENT LATER...
CORRECTION, PLEASE! MY FLYING SPEED IS BACK TO NORMAL--THAT IS, FASTER THAN LIGHTNING!

AND THE BULLETS BOUNCE OFF ME AGAIN! IT'S ABOUT TIME THIS "DREAM" CAME OUT RIGHT!
WE'RE SUNK! WE WERE ONLY DREAMING HIS POWERS WERE GONE, I GUESS!

YES, YOU'VE REGAINED YOUR SUPER POWERS, SUPERBOY-- BUT HAVE YOU LOST YOUR SUPER SECRET? FOR LATER...
YOU ATE THE KRYPTONITE-TAINTED BANANAS, CLARK-- AND SUPERBOY TURNED WEAK! EXPLAIN THAT IF YOU CAN!
BUT, LANA, I ATE ONLY A FEW OF THE BANANAS, AND OFFERED THE REST TO SUPERBOY! THAT'S HOW HE GOT THE KRYPTONITE POISONING!

ALL RIGHT, PROVE IT! EAT ANOTHER ONE RIGHT NOW! KRYPTONITE IS HARMLESS TO ORDINARY PEOPLE BUT LATER, IF SUPERBOY BECOMES WEAK AGAIN-- HAH!
OKAY, I'LL EAT ONE, LANA!
IS CLARK (SUPERBOY) KENT STILL WEAK-- IN THE HEAD?

BUT PRESENTLY, WHEN LANA SEES SUPERBOY PERFORM...
SUPERBOY RETURNED TO CHOP UP THAT FALLEN TREE FOR THE SIMPSONS, BUT HE'LL BE WEAK AND-- OH NO! HE'S AS STRONG AS EVER AND I'M WEAK ALL OVER!
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LANA, CLARK MENTIONED YOU SUSPECTED HIS EATING THE BANANAS PROVED OUR DOUBLE IDENTITY...
OH, DON'T RUB IT IN! SO I WAS WRONG!

BUT WHAT LANA LANG DOES NOT SEE LATER...
WHEW! GLAD I GOT OUT OF THAT ONE! I HAD A HUNCH LANA WOULD TRY TO TRAP ME, SO I SECRETLY SUBSTITUTED PLAIN BANANAS, COATED WITH LUMINOUS LACQUER, BEFORE I ATE THAT LAST ONE! THESE POISONED ONES WILL NEVER GET ON MY PLATE AGAIN!
THE END.

SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
AH--THERE'S SUPERBOY NOW! ASSUMING THAT HE MOVED AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT, HE'S TRAVELED PRECISELY 2 AND 5/8 MILES SINCE HE HEARD OUR FALSE CRY FOR HELP!
EXACTLY THE DISTANCE CLARK KENT WAS AT THAT MOMENT! ANOTHER INCRIMINATING PIECE OF EVIDENCE!
GOOD GODFREY! THEY THINK ALMOST AS KEENLY AS I DO! HOW CAN I OUTWIT THEM?
STATE SCHOOL FOR GENIUSES
THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT... IN ADDITION TO HIS RIPPLING STEEL MUSCLES, SUPERBOY HAS THE KEENEST MIND IN THE WORLD--AND YET, HE ALSO HAS THE TOUGHEST PROBLEM, CONCEALING THE SECRET OF HIS IDENTITY FROM THE PRYING MINDS OF OTHERS! AND WHEN THOSE MINDS ARE THE BEST IN THE COUNTRY, HE ENCOUNTERS A SERIES OF SUPER-HEADACHES AND NIGH-IMPOSSIBLE FEATS THAT WILL SET YOUR HEAD WHIRLING, AS HE ATTENDS...
The SCHOOL FOR GENIUSES!

ONE DAY, AS YOUNG CLARK KENT ATTENDS CLASS AT SMALLVILLE HIGH SCHOOL...
I HOPE YOU'LL EXCUSE ME IF I POSTPONE OUR REGULAR LESSON FOR TODAY, CLASS, BUT I HAVE SOME IMPORTANT PAPERS TO MARK! HOWEVER, YOU CAN KEEP YOURSELVES BUSY WITH THESE PUZZLES I BROUGHT IN!
I HOPE THEY'RE DIFFICULT! IT'S NOT MISS PRINGLE'S FAULT, BUT THE USUAL LESSONS BORE ME!
HMM... THESE PUZZLES ARE AMUSING--SHOULD BE FUN! I'D BETTER NOT DO THEM ALL, THOUGH, JUST IN CASE SHE HAPPENS TO LOOK AT MY PAPER AFTER I LEAVE!
BUT THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
I HAVE SOME INTERESTING NEWS FOR YOU, CLASS! THOSE PUZZLES I GAVE YOU... THEY WERE REALLY A KIND OF INTELLIGENCE TEST! I TOLD YOU THEY WERE JUST FOR AMUSEMENT BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO BE NERVOUS WHEN YOU DID THEM! YOU SEE, WE'RE USING THE RESULTS TO SELECT STUDENTS FOR A NEW STATE SCHOOL FOR GENIUSES!
AND THE STUDENT WHO WILL REPRESENT SMALLVILLE HIGH IN THAT NEW SCHOOL WILL BE CLARK KENT! CONGRATULATIONS, CLARK! YOU ACHIEVED AN AMAZING SCORE!
GOSH! I--I WASN'T HALF TRYING--AND IF I HAD KNOWN WHAT THE PUZZLES REALLY WERE--BUT THERE'S NO USE CRYING OVER SPILT MILK. I--I MUST THINK THIS OUT--VERY CAREFULLY!
SOME DAYS AFTERWARD, WHEN CLARK BOARDS A TRAIN BOUND FOR THE NEW SCHOOL...
NICE MEETING YOU, KENT! SINCE ALL OF US COME FROM THE SAME AREA, WE'LL BE ROOMMATES! I'M ROGER JONES--SPECIALIZE IN MATHEMATICS--AND THIS IS JEFF HARRIS, WHO'S DOING WORK IN METEOROLOGY!
I'VE HEARD ABOUT THESE TWO... EVEN PROFESSORS CAN BARELY UNDERSTAND THEIR THEORIES!
BRAD HILTON, HERE, IS ALREADY AN EXPERT ON SHAKESPEARE--AND HAL CUMMINGS' IS AN ACCOMPLISHED GEOLOGIST! WHAT'S YOUR SPECIALTY, KENT?
I--ER--HAVE NONE! JUST--ER--HAPPENED TO GET A HIGH MARK IN THE TEST!

HMM... YOU LOOK SO AVERAGE FOR SOMEONE OF YOUR INTELLIGENCE, I JUST WONDER IF YOU'RE TRYING TO CONCEAL SOMETHING?
NOTHING ESCAPES THEM! THIS IS GOING TO BE TOUGHER THAN I THOUGHT!
LATER, AS THE TRAIN NEARS ITS DESTINATION...
LOOK! AN ANGRY BULL CHARGING THOSE PICNICKERS!
I'M THE ONLY ONE ABLE TO HELP THEM--AS SUPERBOY--BUT HOW CAN I CHANGE TO MY COSTUME NOW? I'LL HAVE TO...WAIT! THERE'S A TUNNEL JUST UP AHEAD! I CAN SWITCH AS, SOON AS WE ENTER, AND HELP THOSE PEOPLE BEFORE THE TRAIN COMES OUT INTO THE OPEN AGAIN!
NEXT INSTANT, ROARING THROUGH THE DARK TUNNEL...
IF I WORK FAST ENOUGH, I'LL BE BACK BEFORE I'M MISSED! TROUBLE IS, THEY'LL BE SUSPICIOUS IF THERE ARE SIGNS THAT SUPERBOY CAME TO THE RESCUE WHILE THE TRAIN WAS DARKENED, MORE THAN 100 MILES FROM SMALLVILLE!
...SO I'LL HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO HELP THOSE PEOPLE AND YET MAKE IT SEEM AS IF I DIDN'T HELP, WHEN THE RESULTS ARE VIEWED FROM THE TRAIN, A FEW SECONDS FROM NOW!
FIRST, I'LL DISPOSE OF THE BULL--AND THAT'S EASY! I'LL JUST STAND HERE AND WAIT!
SORRY, OLD BOY--BUT MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU'LL USE YOUR HEAD A LITTLE MORE SENSIBLY! DON'T WORRY, THOUGH...YOU WON'T BE BADLY HURT--JUST DAZED FOR A FEW MINUTES!
WHAMMMP
NOW, SINCE THERE WERE NO TREES ON THAT FIELD, I'LL HAVE TO PULL THIS ONE UP...
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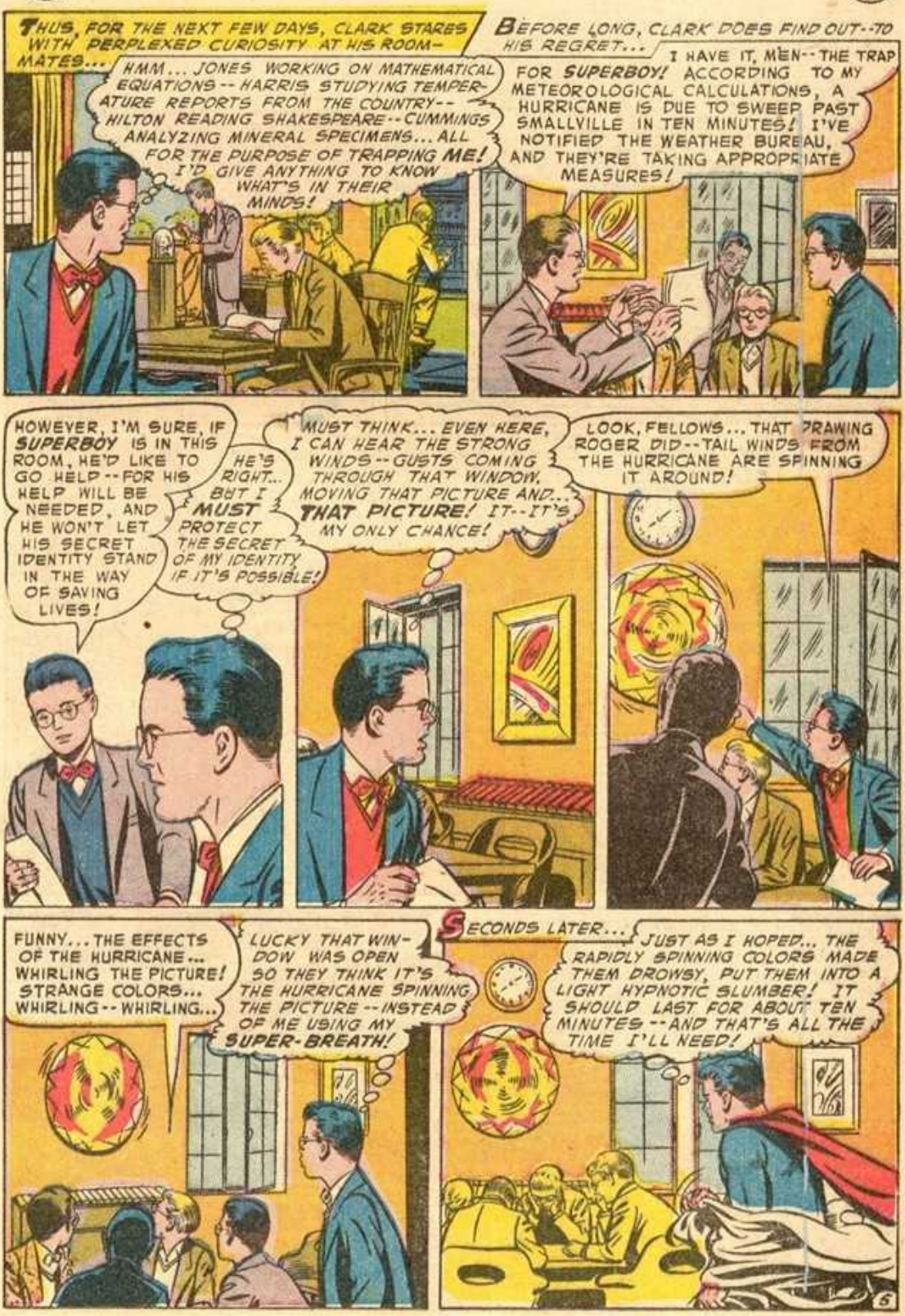
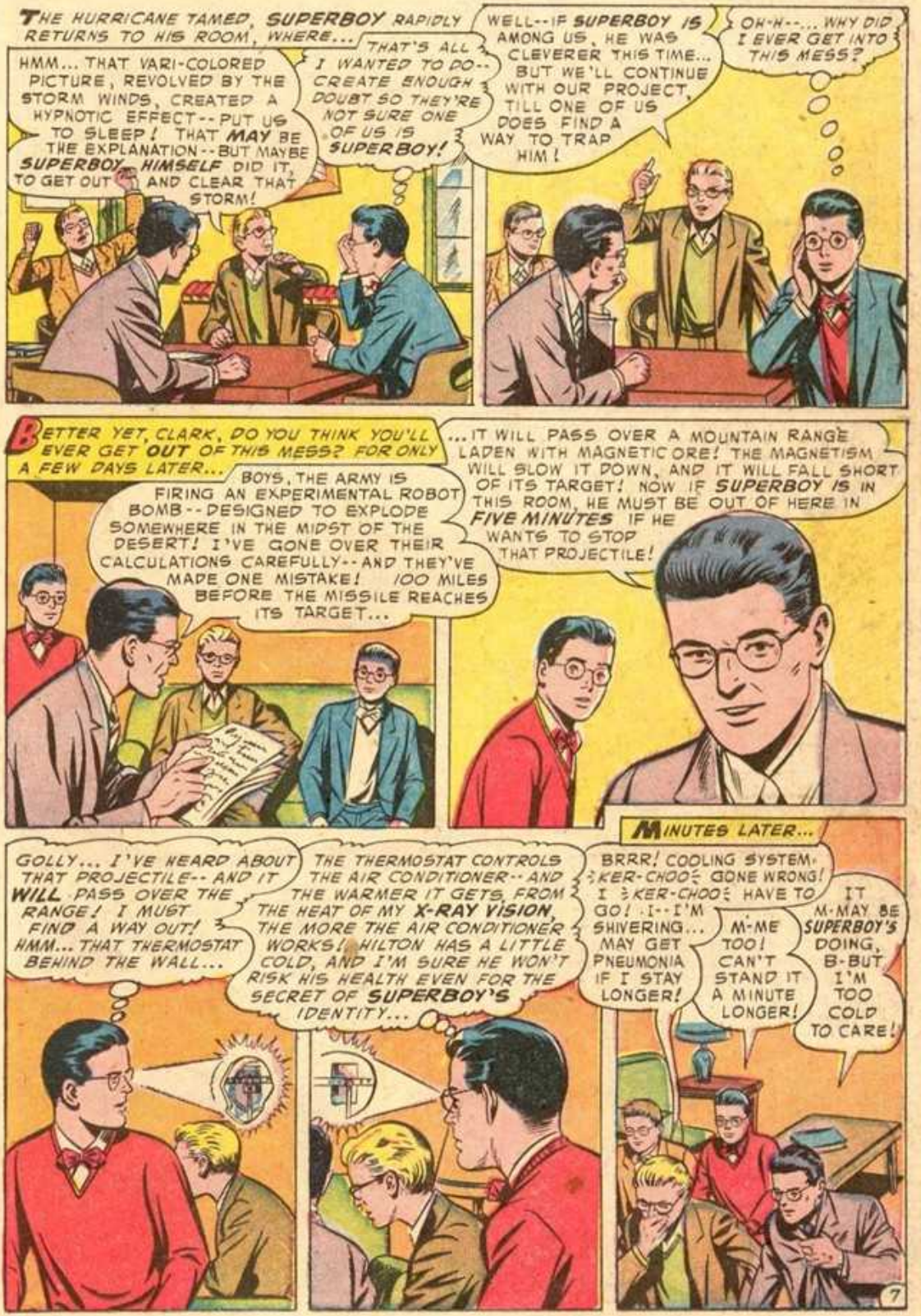
...AND REPLANT IT IN FRONT OF THE BULL!
HMM-- WHY DIDN'T SUPERBOY JUST PICK UP THE BULL AND TAKE HIM AWAY FROM HERE? AND WHAT'S THIS BUSINESS WITH MOVING TREES?
WELL, I GUESS HE HAD HIS REASONS!
YES, HE CERTAINLY DID-- FOR AS THE TRAIN EMERGES FROM THE TUNNEL, AND CLARK LOOKS BACK WITH HIS ROOMMATES...
LUCKY FOR THOSE PEOPLE THE BULL KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT AGAINST THAT TREE!
YES--AND STRANGE, TOO... CONTRARY TO ALL LAWS OF ANIMAL PSYCHOLOGY! THE ANGRIER AN ANIMAL IS, THE MORE ALERT HE BECOMES! AN UNUSUAL PHENOMENON! BUT I HAVE NO TIME TO PURSUE IT FURTHER!
IF THESE GENIUSES KNEW SUPERBOY HAD SAVED THOSE PEOPLE, 100 MILES FROM SMALLVILLE, THEY'D HAVE SUSPECTED HE WAS ABOARD THIS TRAIN! I WONDER... COULD I HAVE SHIELDED MY SECRET FROM THEM? THANK GOODNESS THEY DON'T SUSPECT-- OR I'D BE IN REAL TROUBLE!
YOU DON'T KNOW IT YET, CLARK--BUT YOU ARE IN REAL TROUBLE AS THE NEW SCHOOL GETS UNDER WAY, A FEW DAYS LATER...
WELL-- HOW DO YOU FELLOWS LIKE IT HERE?
NOT MUCH. THERE'S NOTHING THE INSTRUCTORS CAN TEACH ME! IF ONLY THERE WERE SOMETHING EXCITING TO DO!
THERE IS! I'VE HAD AN IDEA EVER SINCE WE CAME HERE!
ALL OF US COME FROM NEAR SMALLVILLE--AND WE KNOW THAT SUPERBOY, TOO, LIVES EITHER IN SMALLVILLE--OR NEAR IT! NOW SINCE NONE OF US KNEW THOSE INTELLIGENCE TESTS REALLY WERE TESTS, ISN'T IT LOGICAL THAT SUPERBOY WAS CAUGHT OFF-GUARD AND DID WELL ON THEM?
YOU MEAN THEN--THAT HE MAY BE ONE OF US?
EXACTLY! SO WHY DON'T WE POOL OUR TALENTS AND KNOWLEDGE-- AND, WORKING ON THAT ASSUMPTION, DEDUCE HIS SECRET IDENTITY?
A SPLENDID IDEA! A REAL CHALLENGE! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, KENT?
WHY--ER... YES... IT SHOULD BE--UH-- LOTS OF FUN!
HOW WILL YOU-- I MEAN-- WE GO ABOUT DOING IT?
I'VE GOT THAT ALL FIGURED OUT! WE'LL WORK INDEPENDENTLY-- AND WHEN ONE OF US DEVELOPS A TRAP FOR SUPERBOY, HE'LL LET THE OTHERS KNOW AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT, WHEN SUPERBOY HASN'T A CHANCE TO DO A THING ABOUT IT!


THUS, FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, CLARK STARES WITH PERPLEXED CURIOSITY AT HIS ROOMMATES...
HMM... JONES WORKING ON MATHEMATICAL EQUATIONS -- HARRIS STUDYING TEMPERATURE REPORTS FROM THE COUNTRY -- HILTON READING SHAKESPEARE -- CUMMINGS ANALYZING MINERAL SPECIMENS... ALL FOR THE PURPOSE OF TRAPPING ME! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO KNOW WHAT'S IN THEIR MINDS!
BEFORE LONG, CLARK DOES FIND OUT -- TO HIS REGRET...
I HAVE IT, MEN -- THE TRAP FOR SUPERBOY! ACCORDING TO MY METEOROLOGICAL CALCULATIONS, A HURRICANE IS DUE TO SWEEP PAST SMALLVILLE IN TEN MINUTES! I'VE NOTIFIED THE WEATHER BUREAU, AND THEY'RE TAKING APPROPRIATE MEASURES!
HOWEVER, I'M SURE, IF SUPERBOY IS IN THIS ROOM, HE'D LIKE TO GO HELP -- FOR HIS HELP WILL BE NEEDED, AND HE WON'T LET HIS SECRET IDENTITY STAND IN THE WAY OF SAVING LIVES!
HE'S RIGHT... BUT I MUST PROTECT THE SECRET OF MY IDENTITY IF IT'S POSSIBLE!
MUST THINK... EVEN HERE, I CAN HEAR THE STRONG WINDS -- GUSTS COMING THROUGH THAT WINDOW. MOVING THAT PICTURE AND... THAT PICTURE! IT -- IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
LOOK, FELLOWS... THAT DRAWING ROGER DID -- TAIL WINDS FROM THE HURRICANE ARE SPINNING IT AROUND!
FUNNY... THE EFFECTS OF THE HURRICANE... WHIRLING THE PICTURE! STRANGE COLORS... WHIRLING -- WHIRLING...
LUCKY THAT WINDOW WAS OPEN SO THEY THINK IT'S THE HURRICANE SPINNING THE PICTURE -- INSTEAD OF ME USING MY SUPER-BREATH!
SECONDS LATER...
JUST AS I HOPED... THE RAPIDLY SPINNING COLORS MADE THEM DROWSY, PUT THEM INTO A LIGHT HYPNOTIC SLUMBER! IT SHOULD LAST FOR ABOUT TEN MINUTES -- AND THAT'S ALL THE TIME I'LL NEED!
6

SHORTLY, WHERE THE RAGING HURRICANE ROARS TOWARD SMALLVILLE...
RATHER THAN CREATE A BARRIER AND RISK DIVERTING THIS STORM TO ANOTHER TOWN, I'LL SIMPLY DISPERSE IT COMPLETELY! LUCKY I THOUGHT OF HOW TO DO THAT WHILE FLYING HERE!
THE BOY OF STEEL DIVES INTO THE EARTH, BORING HIS WAY THROUGH GRANITE AND ROCK LIKE A HUMAN DRILL...
BZZZZZZZ
I NEED SOME IRON ORE -- AND I'M BOUND TO FIND IT IF I TRAVEL DEEP ENOUGH!
SOON...
NOW TO FASHION A COUPLE OF HUGE WEATHER VANES FROM THIS ORE -- AND I'LL BE ALL SET!
A HURRICANE IS MADE UP OF VIOLENTLY TWISTING WINDS -- SO MY JOB'S TO "UNTWIST" THEM! I'LL DROP DOWN INTO THE VERY CENTER OF THE STORM, AND SPIN LIKE A HUMAN TOP!
THE VANES CREATE AIR CURRENTS WHIRLING OPPOSITE THE CURRENTS OF THE STORM, AND LITERALLY TURNING THE STORM INSIDE OUT, STRAIGHTENING THE TWISTING WINDS TILL THEY'RE NO MORE THAN CALM BREEZES!
ROAAARRR
WHIRRRR


THE HURRICANE TAMED, SUPERBOY RAPIDLY RETURNS TO HIS ROOM, WHERE...
HMM... THAT VARI-COLORED PICTURE, REVOLVED BY THE STORM WINDS, CREATED A HYPNOTIC EFFECT--PUT US TO SLEEP! THAT MAY BE THE EXPLANATION--BUT MAYBE SUPERBOY HIMSELF DID IT, TO GET OUT AND CLEAR THAT STORM!
THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO DO--CREATE ENOUGH DOUBT SO THEY'RE NOT SURE ONE OF US IS SUPERBOY!
WELL--IF SUPERBOY IS AMONG US, HE WAS CLEVERER THIS TIME... BUT WE'LL CONTINUE WITH OUR PROJECT, TILL ONE OF US DOES FIND A WAY TO TRAP HIM!
OH-H--... WHY DID I EVER GET INTO THIS MESS?
BETTER YET, CLARK, DO YOU THINK YOU'LL EVER GET OUT OF THIS MESS? FOR ONLY A FEW DAYS LATER...
BOYS, THE ARMY IS FIRING AN EXPERIMENTAL ROBOT BOMB--DESIGNED TO EXPLODE SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDST OF THE DESERT! I'VE GONE OVER THEIR CALCULATIONS CAREFULLY--AND THEY'VE MADE ONE MISTAKE! 100 MILES BEFORE THE MISSILE REACHES ITS TARGET...
...IT WILL PASS OVER A MOUNTAIN RANGE LADEN WITH MAGNETIC ORE! THE MAGNETISM WILL SLOW IT DOWN, AND IT WILL FALL SHORT OF ITS TARGET! NOW IF SUPERBOY IS IN THIS ROOM, HE MUST BE OUT OF HERE IN FIVE MINUTES IF HE WANTS TO STOP THAT PROJECTILE!
MINUTES LATER...
GOLLY... I'VE HEARD ABOUT THAT PROJECTILE--AND IT WILL PASS OVER THE RANGE! I MUST FIND A WAY OUT! HMM... THAT THERMOSTAT BEHIND THE WALL...
THE THERMOSTAT CONTROLS THE AIR CONDITIONER--AND THE WARMER IT GETS, FROM THE HEAT OF MY X-RAY VISION, THE MORE THE AIR CONDITIONER WORKS! HILTON HAS A LITTLE COLD, AND I'M SURE HE WON'T RISK HIS HEALTH EVEN FOR THE SECRET OF SUPERBOY'S IDENTITY...
BRRR! COOLING SYSTEM KER-CHOO GONE WRONG! I KER-CHOO HAVE TO GO! I--I'M SHIVERING... MAY GET PNEUMONIA IF I STAY LONGER!
M-ME TOO! CAN'T STAND IT A MINUTE LONGER!
IT M-MAY BE SUPERBOY'S DOING, B-BUT I'M TOO COLD TO CARE!
7

AS THE FREEZING BOYS DASH HURRIEDLY FROM THEIR ROOM...
I'LL BE ABLE TO SWITCH IN THIS CORRIDOR UNOBSERVED... AND SINCE IT ALSO LEADS TO THE JANITOR'S OFFICE, I CAN TELL THEM I WENT TO NOTIFY HIM ABOUT THE COOLING SYSTEM--WHICH IS JUST WHAT I WILL DO AS SOON AS I RETURN!
PRESENTLY, ABOVE A DISTANT MOUNTAIN RANGE...
THERE'S THE ROCKET! I'LL GRAB IT AND... WH-WHAT? I--I'VE BEEN TRICKED!
NO WONDER THE ARMY DIDN'T COMPUTE THE EFFECT OF MAGNETIC PULL FROM BELOW! THE CASING OF THE PROJECTILE IS MADE OF PLASTIC, WHICH ISN'T AFFECTED BY MAGNETISM! CUMMINGS MUST HAVE KNOWN THAT--BUT HE PRETENDED IT WAS A REAL HAZARD, TO SCARE ME INTO ACTION! WHEW--THOSE BOYS ARE SMART!
IF I STAY MUCH LONGER, THEY'RE BOUND TO TRAP ME! FORTUNATELY, EXAMS WILL BE GIVEN IN A WEEK, AND THOSE WHO FAIL WILL BE SENT BACK TO THEIR OWN SCHOOLS! THIS IS ONE TEST I PLAN TO BE SMART ENOUGH TO FAIL!
SO THE FOLLOWING WEEK, AFTER THE EXAMS HAVE BEEN GIVEN...
TOO BAD YOU FLUNKED OUT, CLARK! IT WAS NICE KNOWING YOU, EVEN IF YOU AREN'T A GENIUS!
I'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THE BEST WAY TO HELP THEM IS TO CLEAR OUT--SO THEY CAN CONCENTRATE THEIR TALENTS ON MORE WORTHWHILE PROJECTS THAN DISCOVERING MY IDENTITY!
AND A FEW DAYS LATER, BACK IN SMALLVILLE...
I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT CLARK'S GETTING SUCH A HIGH MARK! IT MUST HAVE BEEN JUST A FREAK... HE'S A NICE BOY--BUT NO GENIUS!
WHAT A RELIEF TO BE HERE AGAIN! I WON'T COMPLAIN ABOUT BEING BORED IN CLASS ANYMORE!
THE END

JERRY
THE JITTERBUG
OH BOY! SUE INVITED ME FOR DINNER. SHE'S COOKING IT HERSELF!
HELLO, JERRY. MY, WHAT LOVELY FLOWERS.
THE DINNER'S RIGHT ON THE TABLE!
GOOD! I'M HUNGRY!
DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THERE'S ONLY ONE COURSE FOR DINNER? JUST CHEESE AND CRACKERS?
YES! YOU SEE, WHEN THE CHOPS CAUGHT FIRE AND FELL INTO THE DESSERT, I HAD TO USE THE SOUP TO PUT IT OUT!
END.

ADVENTURE IN THE SKIES

Ballooning Is Thrilling But Expensive—and Can End in Accident and Death

TO an aeronaut, (which is the term a balloonist prefers to be known by, a jet flyer is a sorry bird indeed. In fact, he considers that there is only one really thrilling way to fly—in a balloon. He calls it "pure flying."

The aeronaut may have something at that. One balloon bug likened the inflated-bag method of flying to sailboating. The sailboat may not get you there as fast as a steamboat, but who can compare the thrills one can get from the respective craft?

In the same way, an aeronaut, moving through the skies, hears no disturbing roar of propellers. Even the wind has little effect upon him, for he is moving along at the same rate of speed as the wind.

Yet, a few hundred feet above the ground, the aeronaut feels himself apart from the earth. Even the birds must feel the same way, for they do not dip out of the way of a balloon as they do from a plane.

There are other major differences between flying a balloon and plane flying. Most of all, it is the large element of chance involved. When a flyer hops into his plane, he knows exactly where he is going—and, 99 times out of 100, he gets there.

An aeronaut, on the other hand, rarely is able to select an exact destination, and has little prospect of reaching a specified spot on the map. The moment he goes aloft, he is engaged in a constant tug-of-war with the shifting air.

Ballooning as a sport caught fire among adventurous men after the war. But it isn't the kind of sport that most of us can take up with ease. For one thing, it's pretty expensive.

The initial cost of buying the balloon is about $100. This amount buys a standard type which measures 54 feet in diameter. Despite its rather large size, about 170 feet around, the balloon often acts like an unbroken colt

But what puts the sport beyond the reach of most of us is the price of the gas. A bag full of helium costs somewhere around $2,500.

Therefore, foolhardy adventurers have taken to using ordinary cooking gas, which they obtain from the local gas company by tapping a main gas line.

But, as everyone knows, regular household gas becomes highly explosive when mixed with air. Consequently, the aeronaut who is planning a flight squeezes out the air inside the bag the night before. A couple of cubic inches left inside might become lethal when the gas is poured in.

Obviously, then, ballooning is not for anyone who can't afford to shell out $2,500 for a balloon full of helium, which is the only safe gas to use.

Before an aeronaut goes aloft, many precautions must be taken. The latest weather information must be obtained. And the balloon must be readied.

More than 200 sand-filled ballast bags must be hung on the basket, and the ballast ropes checked carefully.

Flights usually begin at dawn, when the wind is most favorable. The tie-down ropes are released, and the balloon begins its ascent.

There is more to successful ballooning than meets the eye. The aeronaut has a great deal to do. His first task is to search for tail winds which are necessary to drive the balloon along.

Winds move along in layers at different levels, and it is the aeronaut's first chore to find the right layer. When the aeronaut wants more altitude, he empties some of his ballast bags.

It's all a lot of fun, but there are hazards, too. Hazards which might easily end in disaster.

Lightning heads the list. If a storm threatens, the wise aeronaut will get out of the sky as fast as he can. A lightning bolt can tear a balloon to bits.

High-tension wires belong in the same category.

Finally, the balloonist must keep a sharp weather eye out for sudden storms. A violent gale can send the balloon smashing against a hillside or tree, killing the occupants of the basket.

Because of the limited space, balloonists do not carry parachutes aloft, but in case of emergency, with the bag losing altitude because of loss of gas, the basket can be drawn up under the bag, which then acts as a huge parachute.

Despite popular belief, aeronauts don't look for open fields in which to land. More often than not, this is the worst place to land, for the landing is choppy, and the bumping of the basket on the ground can cause injury to the aeronauts.

The best place to land is in a thickly-wooded area. By grabbing a stout tree limb with a hook, the balloonist can stop the balloon cold during its flight, and trap it in the branches. The aeronaut can then climb down the tree to the ground.

Yes, ballooning can be a thrilling sport, but unless you have a lot of money to spare, and do not fear sudden death or possibly painful injury, we'd advise you to stick to bowling.

—Jack Miller

SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
THANKS TO THAT MAGIC AMULET, LANA DOESN'T SEEM TO NEED ANY HELP FROM SUPERBOY!
THERE'S NOTHING STRANGE ABOUT SUPERBOY'S IMMUNITY TO DANGER. BULLETS CANNOT HARM HIM, WILD BEASTS CANNOT INJURE HIM, NO MAN CAN HURT HIM. BUT WHEN AN ORDINARY GIRL LIKE LANA LANG CAN VENTURE UNHARMED THROUGH THESE SAME PERILS--THEN THERE'S SOMETHING VERY STRANGE. AND EVEN SUPERBOY IS BAFFLED BY THE MYSTERIOUS POWERS THAT PROTECT LANA FROM THE DANGERS OF LOST VALLEY WHEN SHE WEARS--
The MAGIC NECKLACE!

ONE MORNING IN MYSTERIOUS, FARAWAY TIBET, AS TWO YOUNGSTERS FROM MODERN SMALLVILLE GAPE AT AN ANCIENT TEMPLE...
OH, CLARK-- I'M SO GLAD MY FATHER ASKED YOU ALONG ON THIS EXPEDITION. WHY, THIS TEMPLE MUST BE A THOUSAND YEARS OLD! ISN'T IT A SHAME WE'RE NOT OLD ENOUGH TO BE ALLOWED INSIDE?

LITTLE DOES LANA KNOW THAT CLARK, WHO IS REALLY SUPERBOY, IS ABLE TO LOOK INSIDE WITH HIS X-RAY VISION...
BUT WE HAVE TO ABIDE BY THE RULES OF THIS COUNTRY. MY FATHER CAN TELL US WHAT'S INSIDE WHEN HE'S THROUGH SEEING THEIR CHIEF, WHOM THEY CALL A LAMA, ABOUT A GUIDE FOR THE EXPEDITION. CLARK-- YOU AREN'T LISTENING?
OH-OH-- I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO BREAK THE RULES...

AND SUDDENLY, TO LANA'S SURPRISE...
I DON'T CARE IF I'M NOT ALLOWED IN! I'M GOING IN ANYWAY!
WHY--WHY--CLARK! NO! COME BACK! YOU'LL ANGER THE NATIVES AND FORCE THE EXPEDITION TO TURN BACK! WHAT'S COME OVER YOU--CLARK?
BUT CLARK HAS A GOOD REASON FOR HIS UNUSUAL BEHAVIOR...
MY X-RAY VISION SHOWS THAT STATUE STARTING TO CRACK. IN ANOTHER MINUTE, IT'LL CRASH DOWN ON THE LAMA! EVEN IF THEY GET SUSPICIOUS ABOUT HOW I COULD FORETELL THE DANGER--I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!
THEN--AS PROFESSOR LANG AND THE OTHERS WATCH THE YOUNGSTER HURL HIMSELF AGAINST THE LAMA'S SEAT...
GOOD HEAVENS!
CRASH
AFTER THE HUBBUB OF THE NEAR-DISASTER SUBSIDES...
BUT--YOU WERE OUTSIDE. HOW COULD YOU HAVE SEEN THE STATUE WOULD CRASH? YOU'D HAVE TO HAVE X-RAY VISION--LIKE SUPERBOY!
I BELIEVE THIS IS THE ANSWER--THIS MAGIC AMULET!
HE WHO WEARS IT IS PROTECTED BY THE ANCIENT GODS FROM INJURY OR DEATH. SO THIS YOUNG MAN WAS UNWITTINGLY MOVED TO WARN ME BY THE GUARDIAN POWERS OF THE AMULET!
THAT AMULET HAS NO POWERS, BUT AT LEAST ITS MAKING LANG OVERLOOK THE REAL EXPLANATION!
YET, SINCE THIS YOUTH WAS HONORED WITH BEING CHOSEN AS THE AGENT OF THE AMULET'S POWER--HE IS WORTHY TO RECEIVE IT AS MY GIFT! FOR I MYSELF AM VERY OLD AND NO LONGER WISH PROTECTION AGAINST THE COMING OF DEATH!
2

SHORTLY AFTER REJOINING LANA OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE...
IT'S A LOVELY GIFT, IN SPITE OF ITS SO-CALLED MAGIC POWERS, AND EVEN IF BOYS DON'T WEAR NECKLACES BACK IN SMALLVILLE!
BETTER STILL, CLARK'S DEED FINALLY SWAYED THE LAMA INTO TELLING US WHERE TO FIND A GUIDE FOR OUR EXPEDITION!
YOU MEAN--THE LAMA DOESN'T THINK IT'S TOO DANGEROUS, NOW THAT THE NECKLACE IS SUPPOSED TO MAKE CLARK IMMUNE?
YES, HE PROBABLY THINKS THAT IF WE LET CLARK LEAD US, THE AMULET CAN PROTECT HIM FROM DANGERS OF LOST VALLEY!
ONCE BEYOND THE VILLAGE, AS THEY NEAR THE DWELLING OF THE GUIDE SUGGESTED BY THE OLD LAMA...
BY THE WAY, CLARK--YOU STILL DIDN'T EXPLAIN HOW YOU REALLY KNEW THAT STATUE WAS GOING TO CRASH!
LANA! THAT BEAST--IT'S CHARGING RIGHT AT YOU! DON'T MOVE! I--I'LL STOP HIM WITH THIS!
BUT--JUST AS PROFESSOR LANG SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER...
NO-NO-NO! IT IS GREAT WRONG TO KILL THE SACRED YAK!
WHAT? GOOD HEAVENS--CLARK! THE BULLET HIT YOU!
AS THE SHOT FRIGHTENS THE BEAST AWAY--AMAZED EYES TURN ON CLARK...
PROFESSOR LANG WOULD FEEL TERRIBLE IF I PRETENDED THE SHOT HURT ME TO HIDE THE SECRET OF MY INVULNERABLE BODY. BUT--WHAT CAN I DO TO GET OUT OF THIS ONE?
THAT SHOT HIT YOU POINT-BLANK--AND YOU'RE NOT HURT! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
BUT--DAD--DON'T YOU SEE? IT'S THE MAGIC NECKLACE! THAT'S WHAT PROTECTED CLARK! WE THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A SILLY SUPERSTITION--BUT NOW WE KNOW THE LAMA WAS RIGHT!
IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, AND YET--IT MUST BE SO!

With Clark's identity saved by the presence of the amulet, the trio finally finds the guide they seek...

Twenty years I've lived in this country and no one ever asked me to take them to that dangerous nest of savages and monstrous beasts called Lost Valley! Why do you want to go there?

For science, sir!

My researches lead me to believe that I shall find there bones and specimens relating to hitherto unproved theories of what early man was really like, Wilkes!

Risking your neck for a treasure-- I'd understand that. But--

We already have our treasure-- this amulet! We've every reason to believe it protects its wearer against death or harm!

Why-- you got that from the Lama, didn't you? Well that changes everything! We start for Lost Valley tomorrow!

That night, in a tent erected near Wilkes' hut...

I wonder why that amulet suddenly made Wilkes change his mind about taking us to Lost Valley?

Most likely he also believes it really works, too. He's lived here a long time. He probably figures that amulet can help us scout any dangers that lie ahead.

And, in fact, next day, with men and equipment rounded up by Wilkes, as the trek to Lost Valley gets underway...

That pass leads into Lost Valley. We'll camp there and send Clark ahead to scout the way since he has the amulet and will be safe!

Why should Clark be the hero of this expedition because of that amulet? It's not fair...

The following morning, as Clark is about to leave camp to explore the pass...

Clark-- I'm somewhat doubtful about letting a youngster like you explore that pass alone. Maybe that amulet will protect you, but still, to rely on a magic charm is more than I-- Why-- By the way-- Where is the amulet?

Why-- it-- it's gone!

PROFESSOR LANG! IT'S YOUR DAUGHTER! SHE'S MISSING! THE CAMP GUARD SAID SHE SET OUT FOR THE PASS ALONE BEFORE DAWN! SHE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE IN THAT WILD COUNTRY!
WHAT? WE'VE GOT TO GO AFTER HER-- BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
AS THE OTHERS RUN OFF, LEAVING CLARK ALONE FOR A MOMENT...
OF COURSE! LANA WAS WITH ME WHEN I FIXED THE CAMP-FIRE LAST NIGHT. SHE MUST HAVE SLIPPED THE AMULET OFF MY NECK SO SHE COULD GO SCOUT THE PASS! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HER, IT'LL BE MY FAULT FOR LETTING THEM THINK THE AMULET PROTECTED ME AND HAS MAGIC POWERS!
STREAKING UNSEEN PAST THE OTHERS, SUPERBOY SEARCHES FOR LANA WITH HIS X-RAY VISION...
WITH A THREE-HOUR START, NO TELLING WHICH WAY SHE WENT FROM THE PASS. BUT--GREAT SCOTT! SHE'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT MOUNTAIN--AND THOSE HUGE WILD ELEPHANTS ARE STAMPEDING STRAIGHT AT HER!
NOT EVEN TIME TO SWERVE AND GO UP OVER THESE TREES IF I'M TO SAVE HER! AS IT IS--I DOUBT IF I'LL MAKE IT!
SHE'S SOMEWHERE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS CLIFF-- BUT I'M AFRAID I'M ALREADY TOO LATE! THOSE CHARGING BEASTS WERE LESS THAN TEN YARDS AWAY WHEN I FIRST SPOTTED HER!
BUT--AS SUPERBOY AT LAST CATCHES UP WITH LANA...
I--I WAS TOO LATE-- BUT--SHE WAS SAVED ANYWAY! THOSE BEASTS WERE TRAPPED BY AN OLD ELEPHANT PIT! TALK ABOUT LANA'S LUCK! OR--WAS IT LUCK? I WONDER--DID THE AMULET REALLY SAVE HER AFTER ALL?... HMM... IT MUST BE A COINCIDENCE!

BUT IT WOULD BE A LITTLE TOO COINCIDENTAL TO LET HER SPOT SUPERBOY 'WAY OUT HERE IN TIBET. SO I'LL JUST KEEP OUT OF SIGHT AND MAKE SURE SHE GETS BACK TO CAMP SAFELY. IF ONLY THAT AMULET DOESN'T TEMPT HER INTO UNNECESSARY RISKS!
BUT SUPERBOY'S WISH IS LOST ON LANA AS, SHORTLY AFTER...
WHY--THOSE GIANT PRIMITIVE MEN DOWN THERE--LOOKING JUST AS EARLY MAN MUST HAVE LOOKED THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO. THIS IS WHAT FATHER WAS LOOKING FOR--ONLY HE DID NOT EXPECT TO FIND LIVING MEN. HMM--HOW TO GET DOWN FROM HERE!
SUDDENLY A LOOSENED BOULDER THRUSTS LANA FROM THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF...
GREAT SCOTT! LANA DOESN'T HAVE TO LOOK FOR TROUBLE TO FIND IT. AND NOW--I'LL HAVE TO SAVE HER, EVEN THOUGH IT'LL BE OBVIOUS THE ONE PERSON IN OUR PARTY WHO COULD BE SUPERBOY IS CLARK KENT!
BUT JUST AS SUPERBOY IS ABOUT TO CATCH LANA AS SHE CRASHES THROUGH THE UPPER LEAVES OF THE TREES BELOW...
WAIT! INSTEAD OF CATCHING HER, I CAN LET HER LAND ON THAT SOFT, THATCHED ROOF WHICH WILL BREAK HER FALL EASILY! THAT WAY, I CAN AVOID REVEALING MY PRESENCE HERE, AFTER ALL!
LUCKY FOR BOTH OF US THAT HUT WAS THERE. BUT--GOSH!--MAYBE IT WASN'T LUCK! MAYBE IT WAS THE AMULET! SHE'S BEEN SAVED TWICE NOW--WITHOUT ME! IT JUST CAN'T BE COINCIDENCE THIS TIME!
BUT SUDDENLY--AS THE WILD MEN SPOT LANA DESCENDING FROM THE HUT...
OH-OH--THOSE WILD MEN ARE ATTACKING HER WITHOUT WARNING! AND SO SUDDENLY, THEY EVEN TOOK ME OFF-GUARD! IF ONLY ONE OF THOSE MISSILES DOESN'T HIT HER BEFORE I CAN STOP IT...

AND THEN--ONCE AGAIN, SUPERBOY DRAWS UP SHORT AS HE MAKES AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY...
BUT--BUT--WAIT! SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO NEED MY HELP! NOT ONE OF THOSE MISSILES IS TOUCHING HER! THOSE WILD MEN CAN'T HIT HER! AND THEY ARE SO STARTLED BY IT, THEY'RE ABOUT TO PANIC! THE AMULET! IT MUST BE THE AMULET!
THEN, JUST AS THE WILD MEN BREAK INTO FLIGHT...
LANA! THANK HEAVEN--WE FOUND YOU AT LAST! BUT--IF WE HADN'T COME JUST WHEN WE DID--I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT! BUT I SAW HOW EVERYONE OF THOSE WEAPONS MISSED YOU! IT WAS A MIRACLE!
AT LEAST THAT PROVES I'M NOT JUST DREAMING!
AND AS LANA TELLS WILKES AND HER FATHER OF HER OTHER MIRACULOUS ESCAPES...
GUESS I CAN SHOW UP NOW AS CLARK AND PRETEND I FOLLOWED THEM FROM CAMP, ESPECIALLY SINCE THAT AMULET SEEMS TO MAKE SUPERBOY UNNECESSARY AROUND HERE. STILL--MUCH AS SEEING IS BELIEVING, I CAN'T HELP WONDERING...
BUT--WAIT--WHAT'S THIS?
I DON'T NEED ANY MORE CONVINCING! I HAD SOME DOUBTS ABOUT THE POWER OF THAT AMULET BEFORE, BUT NOW--I WANT IT! I CAN'T HURT YOU, YOUNG LADY--BUT IF YOU CARE FOR YOUR FATHER, BETTER HAND IT OVER!
AND DON'T TRY TO REACH FOR YOUR GUN, LANG, BECAUSE I'M NOT TURNING MY BACK ON YOU TILL I'M OUT OF THIS CAMP!
THAT'S FUNNY! WHY SHOULD WILKES WORRY ABOUT LANG SHOOTING HIM IF HE'S GOT THE AMULET? HMM--I INTEND TO FIND OUT!
STREAKING TO A SPOT DEEP IN THE WOODS NOT FAR FROM THE VILLAGE...
WILKES DOESN'T STRIKE ME AS A TYPE WHO CAN BE MADE TO TALK EASILY. AT LEAST NOT BY ORDINARY METHODS--BUT MAYBE THIS "PLANT" I'M RIGGING UP CAN LOOSEN HIS TONGUE...
...AND MAKE HIM EXPLAIN WHY HE'S SO INTERESTED IN THE AMULET, EVEN IF HE SEEMS TO DOUBT IT CAN PROTECT HIM AGAINST BULLETS.

SOME MOMENTS LATER, BACK IN THE VILLAGE...
HELP! LANG--DO YOU HEAR ME? HELP! SAVE ME!
LISTEN--IT'S THAT SCOUNDREL--WILKES! BUT--HOW CAN HE BE NEEDING HELP WHEN HE HAS THE AMULET?
I DON'T KNOW--BUT--WE'D BETTER GO SEE!
PRESENTLY...
C-CUT ME LOOSE--B-BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! IT'S ONE OF THOSE TERRIBLE MAN-EATING PLANTS!
GOOD HEAVENS! BUT--HOW CAN THIS HAPPEN TO YOU WHEN YOU HAVE THE MAGIC AMULET?
THE DESPERATE WILKES MAKES A STARTLING CONFESSION...
THE AMULET NEVER DID WORK! I ARRANGED TO MAKE IT WORK WITH THE HELP OF THOSE MEN IN THE VILLAGE. THEY'RE NOT AS WILD AS THEY LOOK! THEY DUG THAT ELEPHANT PIT--PREPARED EVERYTHING--EVEN DELIBERATELY MISSED HITTING LANA WITH THEIR WEAPONS!
ALL BECAUSE I WANTED YOU TO BELIEVE IN THAT AMULET. WHY? BECAUSE I KNEW THAT YOU'D SPREAD WORD OF ITS POWERS AMONG YOUR LEARNED COLLEAGUES--SO THAT MEN WOULD COME HERE OFFERING MILLIONS TO BUY IT FROM ME!
SO--IT WAS A COLOSSAL SWINDLE!
SOMETIME LATER--BACK IN CAMP...
OF COURSE THE LAMA REALLY BELIEVED IN THE AMULET--BUT EVEN IF WILKES ONLY MADE IT SEEM TO WORK FOR ME--AND EVEN IF IT WAS LUCK THAT HELPED YOU SAVE THE LAMA--THAT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN HOW THAT BULLET DAD FIRED DIDN'T HURT YOU.
THIS CALLS FOR SOME FAST X-RAY VISION...
I THINK THIS EXPLAINS IT, LANA. THIS BURNED-OUT SPOT IN THE FIRING MECHANISM, WHICH COULD'VE CAUSED SOME DUD SHOTS!
WELL... FOR ONCE, IT WAS LUCK AND NOT SUPERBOY THAT KEPT US ALL SAFE!
The End

BEBE
LOOK WHAT MY TEACHER GAVE ME - A PRIZE!
A PRIZE? WHAT FOR, BEBE?
FOR NATURAL HISTORY. TEACHER ASKED ME HOW MANY LEGS AN OSTRICH HAD AND I SAID THREE!
BUT AN OSTRICH HAS TWO LEGS!
I KNOW THAT NOW, MOMMY, BUT THE REST OF THE CLASS SAID FOUR, SO I WAS CLOSEST!